

Volume 5

Number 5

February, 1915

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ROWIMA Agents for Apollo Chocolates

The Upsi-Sem

VOL. 5

YPSILANTI, MICH., FEBRUARY, 1914

No. 5



Read This

It had been raining all evening, but when Emma let her "company", Jake, out of the rear entrance about ten thirty, she noticed that the clouds were breaking giving place to the pale new moon. After putting the kitchen in order she softly climbed the stairs to her room on the second floor. She paused a moment before her bed-room door and overheard her employer arguing with his wife, in their room which was next to hers. Being tired, she immediately went to bed, but having had a strenuous and eventful day, it was nearly midnight before she dozed off.

She had been asleep but a short time when suddenly she awoke to find herself sitting bolt upright in bed listening intently!

But, what was it? Once again, this time louder, there could be no mistake. She jumped out of bed with courage born of fear, started for the window to summon aid, thinking Mr. Canister, her employer, strangled in his bed.

She opened the window stealthily, climbed quietly out upon the wet porch roof, slipped and fell with a thud. Undaunted she crawled along the roof to the weeping willow which grew close beside the porch, grasped a thick branch and swung from the roof. She swung like a ghost in the dark night, in her night clothes, back and forth, until she could hang on no longer and then fell to the ground with a crash, turning one of her ankles

Crossing to one of the neighbors she paused under an open window and had finished the word Help! in a piercing shriek, when there appeared around the corner of the house the form of a man. Taking this to be the murderer she fled in terror.

Hysterically she fled on down the street screaming, "Help! Murder! Police" Two blocks farther she was stopped by the night watchman, who learned between gasps that Mr. Canister had been murdered! The kind hearted policeman gave her his coat, as the evening was chilly and they started back toward the scene of the murder.

As they hastened along they saw the neighbors coming from all directions, roused by the cries of Emma. There was Mr. Parkinson prominent merchant, a slim man, attired in his trousers and for a shirt his pajama jacket served admirably. In the day time he was accustomed to wear silk holeproof hosiery, but now he wore "nature's own." Mrs. Ingersoll appeared around the corner in her bed-slippers and nightcap hurrying toward the scene of action. From all sides they came, the Browns, the Johnsons and all the neighbors in various costumes, ranging from tropical to semi-tropical attire.

Emma let the policeman in at the rear door and led him to the second story where they paused before Mr. and Mrs. Canister's door. The minion of the law tried in vain to open the door, beat upon it with his club, and receiving no answer he forced the lock. At their entrance Emma switched on the lights.

Mrs. Canister sitting up in bed with the covers drawn up to her chin gave a shriek and fell backward in a faint, while Mr. Canister roared sternly, "Emma, what does this mean?"

Emma, growing even paler upon seeing the occupant of the room, whom she thought murdered, trying to put on his trousers in

vain, weakly collapsed on the policeman's broad chest.

After repeating the Flood in a one act, miniature edition, on Mrs. Canister and Emma, they revived and the neighbors began to pour into the house. On seeing Mr. Canister, however, they were exceedingly shocked and after the excitement of the murder had blown away, those in negligee attire soon began to shiver and have a chattering of the teeth both real and artificial.

A few remained who had come a little late and a little more warmly clad, to find out how Mr. Canister had fought off the murderer and where that mysterious person had gone. Emma then stepped into the lime light and said between sobs of mortification, "Well I woke up all nervous and it seemed as if I had heard something, so I listened and pretty soon I heard a noise like a person strangling." Here a little more water was administered and Emma continued, "I didn't stop to locate the sound, but I knew Mr. Canister kept his safe in his bedroom and I always thot what would happen if anyone broke into his room. So when I heard this sound (more water) I just naturally thot Mr. Canister was being strangled (smelling salts here, please).

The disconnected narrative was told in the hall near the bath room door which was open. A moment after the smelling salt produced an effect, there came a noise out of the bath room as though some one was drawing his breath with a great deal of difficulty, perhaps with a hand clutching the throat tightly. Emma crumbled. This time no one paid any attention to her, but all entered that room. The noise came again. A blood curdling sound indeed, but the policeman, a little more bold than the rest turned to investigate.

The pipes carrying the hot water gave forth another sound, and this time the enigma was solved.

Emma having been in the employ of the

Canisters but a short time, had never noticed the noises from the pipes until she heard them in this night. So how should she know that those awful sounds, coming from she knew not where, were merely from the water in the pipes and not some one being strangled?

The last revival held brought forth cold water, smelling salts, burning feathers un-

der the nose, and many other patent applied for remedies, guaranteed to revive. All these finally caused Emma to come around, and when she did she wished to pack and leave immediately. However after a serious talk with Mr. Canister she decided to remain and live down her reputation with the aid of Jake.

The Staff.

Three Thousand Miles to the West

Boarding a ferry at Detroit, we crossed the river to Windsor where we took our train for Toronto. This journey was tedious and uninteresting and lasted six wearisome hours. At Toronto, in the immense union station, all was hurry and rush, with trains arriving and leaving every few minutes. Inquiring at the information bureau, we found that we had four hours to wait for the westbound express.

After having lunch, we looked up schedules, time, rates and railroad rules for about an hour, and then, of course, took in a "movie." We scorned the cowboy pictures, and the roughriders for soon we were to be in the land of reality. Time passed quickly enough, for when we went back to the depot, we found we had only fifteen minutes if our train arrived on time. This short time we spent in scrambling around looking after last things and settling our affairs. We were on the watch for the callboy's "Train for the West! Main line—freight! baggage! Pullman! aourist!—Track number six!" which he delivered in the usual drawling cry of the members of his profession. We found our car quite easily, and much to our relief, for we were tired. The berths were made up and as it was about ten p m., we settled for our

first night's rest on a train. To my surprise it was not so hard as one might expect, to sleep with one's ears full of the rumbling and growling of the wheels on the iron rails, but I should say, for myself and companions, that we passed through a land of low thunder in our dreams. We awoke to find ourselves in a country very picturesque in its way, but lonely and rocky. We were passing along the northern shore of Lake Superior in which were myriad, one-inch-square islands, inhabited, as was all the land thereabouts. Perhaps, now and then, we would whisk by the hut of a plucky settler and family, but this did not occur more frequently than on an average of every fifty miles.

This long stretch of stony land became monotonous and we spent most of our time in writing cards and playing "downs." At about four o'clock in the afternoon, we found that our midday lunch in the diner was not satisfying us so we served up hot chocolate and wafers in the tiny kitchenette at the rear of the tourists' sleeper. There were tables, too, which fitted into the seats very snugly, but rather shakily, with the lunging and swaying of the train. We were having a very gay time "over the tea-cups" when suddenly, my cousin, seized with a fit of train-sickness'

fairly leaped up, over-turning the table, breaking the most of the dishes, and rushed out to the back platform.

While I was out ministering to her, the others collected the debris of her volcanic exit. After this excitement had abated and we had had dinner at six p. m., we waited eagerly for our arrival at Port Arthur where we would be allowed an hour to mail our cards and see some human life again. At the end of the hour we came back from some minor investigations and found that our porter, taking advantage of our absence, had made up our berths.

It about the middle of the night I was wakened by a loud rapping and heard someone calling "Tickets please, for further passage!" At this, I was on the verge of expressing a liberal piece of my mind on the general stupidity of brakemen and conductors, but thought better of it and handed over my ticket in peace. There was one consolation, however: the others were also wakened.

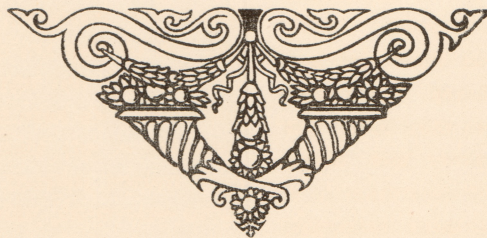
In the morning we awoke in Winnipeg where there was quite a delay in which we explored the busy region of the "grain city" and had an absorbing conversation with some real Siawasse Indians. They became very enthusiastic when they found that we were

bound for Calgary and informed us that we should see some of their brothers, perhaps.

And so, our remaining two days and one night were spent in much the same manner, seeing fields of grain and grass-lands, and every so often a town or village. You may be sure, then, that we welcomed Calgary as my uncle welcomed us "with open arms." We felt as gay and as happy as any four cowboys when we tumbled into the comical old cart and drove fourteen miles to my uncle's rambling old house on the cattle ranch.

Here we spent four splendid jolly weeks of horse-back riding, and gopher-shooting on the prairies, and watching the activity of the "cow-punchers" about the ranch. The fifth week, accompanied by my aunt, we all went to Banff, one of the "watering places" of the Canadian West, to spend the week in the mountains. While there, we passed the time in one continual round of excitement: climbing the mountains, taking hot spring plunges, exploring the caves, and taking snapshots of cataracts and other mountain scenes.

And so, the time passed all too quickly, and we soon found it was time to come back East, and settle down to some real work. If we could not be in the West, we could still remember it and the good times we had there.



The Ypsi-Sem

This paper is published monthly by the pupils of the Ypsilanti High School, at Ypsilanti, Michigan, the board of editors being chosen by the faculty.

Entered as second-class matter, November 19, 1910, at the post office at Ypsilanti, Michigan, under the act of August 24, 1912.

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Editorials

1915. That has been the cry of the seniors for three and a half years. At last 1915 is here and the high school career of another large class will soon be over. To some, this fact gives great pleasure, but to the greater number both pleasure and sorrow.

The thought of the good times and hard work which they have shared, the friends they have made, the victories they have won, the defeats they have bravely met, makes them regret that the day of separation is so near. We hope that with these reflections at the beginning of the year, will also come the determination, not only to the seniors, but to all, to make the most of the time left to them, to hold steadfastly to all that they regard as honorable and worthy, and not sink

weakly down to a level where they not only disgrace themselves, but also their classmates and school.

Let everyone bear these things in mind and try to make 1915 a prosperous, happy, and enterprising year.

:o:

We are now about to enter upon the second semester of our school year. This fact involves many new things. It means classification again, which always brings, or at least should bring, some deep, serious, thoughts to every mind. A student, either upon his entrance into high school, or at some time during the beginning of his course, must consider to some extent the work he wishes to carry on in life. High school prepares students for college or the business world in which they will take up their special work. Therefore if they do not decide what they want to do or have some aim in going to school, they will miss many of the essential purposes of this preparatory education. It is advisable that each one pursue a special course, for in the world of today, specialists are sought for. But let us add one word of warning to everyone meditating upon this step. Specialize, but do not become narrow minded. Do not tie yourself down with your own subjects but learn to appreciate, and have at least a slight knowledge of many other important vocations and affairs. In other words, be able to do one thing very well, and subordinate but do not leave out the other things. Thus you will obtain not only a high rank in your chosen work but also will be able to enjoy and enter with ease into a discussion or conversation of any kind. In this way you will have trained yourself for practical work and social enjoyment, which is true education.

:o:

The chapel exercises which were given the Wednesday before Christmas were unusually interesting and entertaining. The loving cup for which the juniors of last year (now

seniors) worked so hard to win was presented to them by Mr. Quirk, who represented the Board of Education. Foster Fletcher, senior class president, accepted the cup and thanked the Board in behalf of the class not only for the cup, but also for their encouragement for the special interest which they showed in the work of the school by offering a prize.

We then had the pleasure of listening to a short talk given by Mr. Hull, our former principal. It was especially appropriate that he should speak at this time, as it was at his suggestion that the contests were held, and the prize offered; and through his personal interest and efforts that they were so successful. He explained that the interclass orations, and essays, as well as athletics; contests consisted of debates, declamations, that they were held with the purpose of giving all those who had the ambition and desire an opportunity of developing their talents along these lines. This gives all a chance to discover their latent powers, and show their abilities. Mr. Hull urged everyone to take some part in these contests and thus, by showing his class spirit gain not only some toward the prize, but also some experience and practice in doing things which will be of help to him in later years.

The final number on the program was the dramatization of the "Birds Christmas Between the second and third scenes, all present sang the High School song, after which the Boy's Glee Club sang "Tipperary." Those taking part in the Christmas Carol were members of the high school body, every class being represented. A great deal of praise is due to the participants in the play and to Miss McKnight and Miss Hardy whose earnest and untiring efforts made it such a success.

—:O:—

"My son," said the father, "suppose I should be taken away, what would become of you?" "Why," said the son, "I'd stay here, the question is, what would become of you."

Y. W. C. A.

A meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held December 7th in the First Grade room. The program consisted of a story, "The Other Wise Man," by Eloise Ewell, a reading, "When Father Carved the Turkey," by Avis Rice, a short talk on, "The Value of a Bible Study Class," by Mr. Ross, and a German solo by Margaret Brooks. At the close of the meeting a card of Christmas greetings from the Y. W. C. A. girls of the Jennings Seminary, Aurora, Ill., was read.

Saturday, Dec. 19th, Marion Ainsworth, Clara Clark, Florence Hayes, Marion Riggs and Miss Laird took the dolls, which the girls dressed to a German Protestant Orphan's Home in Detroit. The dolls were gladly received by the matron and were to be distributed among the children on Christmas eve.

The Thursday before Christmas Miss Steere and Florence Hayes took the remaining dolls together with toys and games to both hospitals in Ann Arbor.

Jan. 21st a regular meeting was held in the Chapel at 3:15. Miss Bowen the general secretary at the Normal, gave a very interesting talk which was enjoyed by every one present.

Y. M. C. A.

The first meeting of the Y. M. C. A. following Christmas vacation was held on Jan 7th. A group of fellows was present and all were eager to hear what Prof. Pearce had in store for them. Mr. Pearce spoke on "Second Wind." The talk was very interesting as all of his addresses are.

After the meeting the lately organized Bible Class met for the first time under the leadership of Mr. Latham. All the fellows who attended this meeting think that Mr. Latham will prove a very worthy leader, having had much experience in Y. M. C. A. work.

A special meeting on Monday, Jan. 11th, was called to order for the purpose of considering the acceptance of Mr. Goodwin's invitation to a banquet of the Affiliated Clubs of Detroit given at the Woodard Ave. Baptist church. Frank Moran and Gard Miller were selected by president Lurkins to act as representatives. The meeting then adjourned.



Clayton Alban has returned to school after a siege of scarlet fever.

Francis Seeley spent part of Xmas vacation at Pontiac visiting.

Ruth Mathews, Agnes Wardroper and Isca McClaughry spent part of Christmas vacation visiting Ruth Steadman in Elsie, Mich. Ruth Steadman is a former well known student of this high school.

Jeanette Cummings spent part of Christmas vacation visiting relatives at Redford, Mich.

Miss McKnight spent part of Xmas vacation at Detroit and Birmingham visiting college friends.

Esther Haas spent Christmas vacation in Ohio.

The Y. W. C. A. sold eight hundred and sixty-five Xmas seals from the thousand taken while the Y. M. C. A. sold four hundred and eighty-five from the thousand they took, making a total of thirteen dollars and a half which was turned over to the Red Cross Society.

Three loads of happy juniors and seniors left the high school campus about six thirty, January ninth for Belleville about ten miles distance. Arriving there safely about nine thirty a delightful supper was served at the Mandt hotel. After every one was served and thoroughly recovered from the ride the company started for home, reaching Ypsi about twelve fifteen.

Shortly before Christmas vacation basket ball teams were organized from the different classes for both boys and girls. The classes progressed nicely for about three weeks when the news came that the building in which they played had been condemned by the fire inspector and in consequence the classes for the present are broken up, much to the grief of those interested. It is hoped that the practice may be continued.

Dec. 23 a loving cup was presented to the senior class by Mr. Quirk. The cup was awarded as a prize to the senior class, since the members of that class won the greatest number of points in the athletic and literary contests of last year. Following this, Mr.

Hull, our former well known principal gave a short talk which was applauded by every one. Then some of the members of the high school, under the direction of Miss McKnight gave, "The Birds Christmas Carol".

The cast was as follows:

Mr. Bird	Frank Davis
Mrs. Bird	Irene Seaver
Carol Bird	Donna Webb
Uncle Jack	Robert James
Mrs. Ruggles	Marie Dawson
Elfreda, the nurse	Margaret Brooks
Sarah Maude	Isca McClaghry
Larry	Tuly Watling
Peter	Edwin Van Riper
Kitty	Olga Lurkins
Clement	Floyd Mathews
Peoria	Zilpha Howard

Miss Minnard spent part of her Christmas vacation at Chicago and the remaining time visited relatives on a farm near Hastings, Mich.

The Classical department of the high school will present three plays on Jan. 29 in the chapel. The Latin department will give a Roman wedding, paying a great deal of attention to the customs and costumes in the time of Cicero. The German department will give, "Gott sie dank, der tisch ist gedeckt," while the English department expect to give scene from Julius Caesar.

Miss Cooper spent Christmas vacation at her home in Port Huron.

Ella Coe is seriously sick in the University hospital.

Miss Roberts spent Christmas vacation at her home in Clayton, Mich.

The last two Wednesdays in Chapel Mr. Morris has given talks on the European War. Jan. 13th he gave the causes and some of the facts leading up to the war and Jan. 20th he gave the main facts of the war up to the present time, his aim being to give the stu-

dents a general view of the war, without going into details.

Clara Schmidt and Louise Camp spent Xmas vacaiton in Detroit.

Ruth McIntire visited her relatives in Batavia, N. Y., during the holidays.

A sophomore class meeting was held Thursday, Jan. 7th, to arrange for a sleighride. It was decided that each one should pay 10c and a committee was appointed to make arrangements for it. They decided to have the sleighride the next Friday night but circumstances prevented, and it was postponed.

Helen Dusbiber, wso has been absent for a week is now back at school.

The Freshmen class gave a sleighride Jan. 9th. About forty-five freshmen, crowded into two bobs, rode and walked where the roads demanded, to the home of Ellen Smith, seven miles out on the "good roads." Reaching there a bountiful supper was served and every one enjoyed a good time. The company left early and reached Ypsi about eleven o'clock.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls Glee Club held their regular meeting at the home of Genevive Nulan, Jan. 11th. The company was entertained by informal games, after which delightful refreshments were served consisting of ice cream, cake and cocoa. The company adjourned about nine thirty, all declaring Miss Nulan a very entertaining hostess.

P. L. S.

A meeting of the Philomathean Literary Society was held Dec. 10th. The program was as follows: A piano duet by Lillian Leeson and Agnes Wardroper, a piano solo by Genevieve Breining, a vocal solo by Gene-

vieve Nulan and readings by Avis Rice, Miss McKnight and Miss Minnard.

The next meeting was held Jan. 14th. Each person present had to perform a stunt, after which all were lined up and a question game was played, similar to a spelling match. The meeting was then adjourned.

The next meeting was held on Jan. 12. The bill discussed provided for the abolishment was held up by Richard Beal and Sewell Platt and the negative by Dayton Wilde and Harry Miller. The bill was carried sixteen to six. It is planned that a model meeting to which all students are invited, will be held in the near future.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

At the meeting of the House, Dec. 15, bill for the adoption of Woman Suffrage was debated upon. The debators on the affirmative were William Powell and Jesse Miller and on the negative, Harold Augustus and Wiloughby Blodgett. The bill carried by one vote.

AUDOBON

A meeting of the Audubon society was held Jan. 9th at the high school for the purpose of making food and shelter homes for the birds of this vicinity. The houses will be put up in the near future.

School Statistics

Busiest—Bob Thompson.
Quietest(?)—Wayne Burton.
Most dignified—H. Hurdley
Most studious—R. Reader.
Most Talkative—David Wilson.
Most eloquent Jerry Sherzer.

—:0:—

Can You Imagine

Jerry not Grinning,
Florence Hayes flunking,
Bob Thompson having a perfect lesson,
High School having 100% in spelling,
The choir in tune?

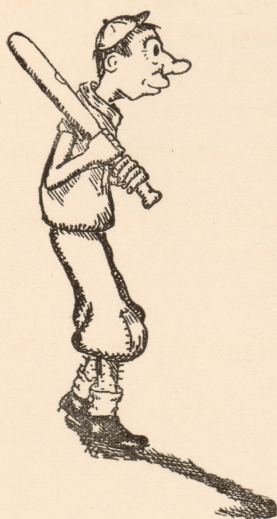
—:0:—

WANTED

Blind chaperone for sleigh-ride parties—
Seniors, also Seward and Irene!

A pony for everything.—Reader and Thompson.

More jokes.—The Staff.
More attention.—Freshmen.
More vacation.—Everybody.
Less noise.—Prof. Morris.



JOKES

Prof. Ross (in Physics, explaining acuteness of a person's ear) "For instance, if two pianos were in different houses but were tuned by the same piano tuner and then if the pianos were brought together, they wouldn't be far apart—"

—:o:—

Derfy: "Miss Laird, if I should have missed two more words, would I have brought the average down 2%?"

Miss Laird: "Yes, Sir."

Derfy: "Well then, you ought to be glad I didn't."

—:o:—

Miss McKnight (as chaperon on sleigh-ride party) "Mr. James, you have your arm around that girl's waist."

Mr. James: "Thanks, I've been trying to find the spot all the evening, but on account of these new coats and gowns, a fellow hardly knows where he's at."

—:o:—

Miss Hardy: "I suppose your baby reigns as king in your home?"

Mr. Morris: "He's more like the Prince of Walls."

Please hand jokes in at Chat Box.

—:o:—

Miss Cooper: "What is the difference between a drama and a story?"

Jerry: "A drama is to be heard and a story to be listened to."

—:o:—

Laugh and the teacher laughs with you,

Laugh and you laugh alone.

First when the joke is the teacher's,

Second when the joke is your own.

—:o:—

C. Clark: "That man has married over fifty girls."

Jeanette: "What is he—a Mormon?"

C. Clark: "No—a minister."

—:o:—

Miss Roberts (in history) "Who can give me a memorable date in Roman History?"

Senior: "Antony with Cleopatra."

—:o:—

Miss McKnight: "The horse and cow is in the field. Miss Love correct that sentence."

Freshie: "The lady should be mentioned first."

—:o:—

Miss Laird: "Mr. Davis, what is the word for left?"

Bunk: "Oh! yes, oldmaid."

—:o:—

Examination days have come,

The saddest of the year,

An awful terror fills each heart,

Oft flows the briny tear.

—:o:—

Jerome Sherzer upon getting the answer to an alg. problem to be $5\frac{3}{4}$ horses for value of x, was heard to say, "I'll have to reduce the horses to colts."

Please place all jokes in the Chat Box.

—:o:—

Margaret Brooks: "Why is Louise Bellows so angry with the photographer?"

Irene McQueen: "She found a label on the back of her picture saying, 'the original of this photograph is carefully preserved'".

—:o:—

Miss Minnard: "Mr. Miller is there any criticism you have to offer for the debates?"

Gard: "They shouldn't be read."

Miss Minnard: "They can't help being red when they get so embarrassed."

—:o:—

Dont's to a Freshman by a Senior

Don't wear green, your'e bad enough now.

Don't get the bluffhabit, that is a senior privilege.

Don't try to sit in a front seat just because the seniors do, they're good looking.

Don't bring stick candy to Mr. Wood, he prefers chocolates.

—:o—

Marion Ainsworth: "The last time I played basket ball I remember my face got so knocked in—wasn't like a face at all. I thought it never would get better."

Vada: "And did it? I mean—er—of course I see it didn't—er—I mean—"

—:o:—

Marie Dawson: "Think of t'he number of men that will be made unhappy when I marry."

L. Leeson: "How many are you going to marry."

Miss Minnard: (on L. Ziegler's English paper) "For a good form see me."

Pussy: (writing back) "I have seen it."

—:o:—

W. Burton: "What makes Thompson act so crazy?"

M. Dawson: "A train of thought passed thru his brain and wrecked it."

—:o:—

"Mamma, am I descended from a monkey?"

"I don't know. I never knew any of your father's people."

—:o:—

"You are the first girl I ever kissed."

"Sir, I am no preparatory school."

—:o:—

Bob: "What is the next most nervous thing in the world beside a girl?"

Steve: "Me, beside a girl."

—:o:—

Miss Minnard: "Mr. Stevens, have you read Oliver Twist?"

Steve: "No, ma'm."

Miss Minnard: "Have you read Silas Marner?"

Steve: "No, I haven't."

Miss Minnard: "Well, then what have you read?"

Steve: "I have red hair."

—:o:—

Throughout life's range,

Her maiden aim,

Was just to change

Her maiden name.—Ex.



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